

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

1.50 Per Annum

KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, MARCH, 15, 1889.

VOL. IX. NO. 48

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AND SURGEON
Will attend calls day or night in town and country.
CHRONIC DISEASES AND DISEASES OF WOMEN and Children A Specialty

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KIRKSVILLE, MO
Over First National Bank.

TO MILLIE.

Fair critic! to you let me say,
Ere fancy gets well under way,
Although my muse is settled,
Salvation like argument I hate,
And would be pleased if you would state
What people's cry or nation's fate,
By such was ever settled.
It is a deal of empty noise,
A sport for grown up girls and boys,
A riot chiefly mental;
Yet once more I find the time
To do a literary crime,
I reel you off a bank of rhyme,
My critic, fair and gentle!

I wish I knew how you are styled—
That is, if Miss or Mrs.,
With tips that child an erring child,
Or only poet for kisses;
But pass that by: I do not care
What color blushes o'er your hair,
Or whether you are young and fair,
Or whether wrinkles vex you;
But, Millie, take it as you please,
If I am bold to tell you this,
You let your pen unsex you.
Although you do not criticize
With unrelenting rigor,
Yet from your bow each arrow flies
With Amazonian vigor.
That God is wrong, if Bob is right,
Is plain to saint and sinner,
And surely it seems out of place
To see a woman try the case,
And put our cherished hopes to flight,
By making Bob the winner!

It seems to me that you believe,
We, who have sprung from Mother Eve,
In God's sweet sentiment will receive
Salvation forever.
In Eden, long ago, began
The little comedy of man,
But, friend, old Satan found a plan
To ruin the rehearsal;
And, since that time, the play has been
A tragedy all dark with sin.
A heavy villain struts the stage,
The threats he makes are real,
And they are foolish who engage
To play with him in sheet!
Since we have started out to walk
Awhile in thought's dominion,
I think I'm licensed thus to talk,
And freely spend opinion.

This hope of life immortal: where
May dwell the stoic, who could dare
To look upon the wild despair
The world would know without it?
Tis that which keeps us human here,
Tis that which binds us to our sphere,
Tis that which dries the mourner's tear—
The skeptic cannot doubt it.
The Moslem on the Persian plain,
The Indian on the Ganges,
Although their fancies may be vain,
Still have a hope of that,
One of our sages thinks to skate,
One dreams of his romance,
But both with tireless translate,
A better region view.

This Ingersoll, in mocking tone,
Declares this hope a cheat,
And even says Jehovah's throne
May be an empty seat!
He walks about, from every tomb
The anarchy to tear,
And wrapped in doubt's plutonian gloom,
He plants the nightshade there!

I cannot think, my gentle friend,
Why such a fellow you defend,
Whose boat is in the shallows,
False teaching, Millie, you must know,
May drag the boat down to the woe,
Their offspring to the gallows.
Suppose now, if you do not mind,
You had some children color blind,
And some mendacious fellow
Should tell them that the rose is blue,
Or that the sky is yellow;
Of course it could not change the hue—
But, Millie, tell that wretch you not
Denounce his falsehood on the spot!
Our God is love, our creed is duty—
That doctrine may be full of beauty,
But makes an idol of our reason
And thus convicts us of high treason.
I war with each presumptuous clod,
Like Ingersoll, that wars with God—
The glow worm sneering at the star,
That shimmers dimly from afar!

I beg your pardon for the sin
You find in this reply,
And ere you get the rolling-pin
Just let me say—good-bye.

THE BOWERS FARM

CHAPTER X.

THE MOB.

Holly Bowers had not seen Bettie Nixon, but once since the day he had made the final resolution, to cast her from him, and think no more about her. That she was always in his thoughts, there could be no question. Her figure sometimes intruded itself in his way, when he was mentally scanning a field rich with growing corn, or laden with golden wheat. In dreams he saw that sad sweet face, beaming upon him in pity and sympathy if not love. The face he knew he would never forget. Her hair of a ruby gold, falling in delightful disorder about a forehead that it was not exaggeration to call alabaster was a picture that he could not forget. Then her eyes so blue and so sad, were to him mirrors from heaven. Frequently he cried in the anguish of his spirit:

"Oh my God! my God! why was I ever born to suffer! Why can't I die and at once end all this!"

His mother, sometimes heard her son in his sleep scream out for mercy, and knowing how keen his sufferings were, and how powerless she was to relieve him, she might after night moistened his pillow with her tears.

Fall had grown sterner, and

sterner, until it seemed almost ready to shake of the brown autumn, and assume the hoary frosts of winter. Nightly the ice on the streams froze thicker and thicker, though the sun shining upon them during the day as regularly melted them away. The frosts had grown heavier, and heavier, and the ground became frozen harder and harder, until it was solid almost all day long.

Farmers were every where gathering in corn.

Holly had but a small job to gather what had been left from the ravages of Jones' breechy horses. But he gathered it in, and put it in the crib. His father noted the smallness of the crop with a smile and asked his son if he thought the rats would not become disgusted with them and abandon their premises. Holly assured him that the crop would be better another year. He said that he now had the fences strong enough to defy the breachy old gray of Jones, and all her followers, and that he had the soil in proper shape and would make it tell next spring. Mr. Bowers was not inclined to actually discourage his son. He was not discouraged at anything, and inclined to treat all misfortunes as a huge joke rather than a reality. He had employment at the saw mill down on Big Creek for all winter and being really industrious, and except when under the influence of liquor quite trustworthy, made an excellent mill hand. His wages were small of course, as they must necessarily be in this isolated neighborhood, but as much as they were they went toward the support of himself and family.

Old Tom Bowers had seemed to become popular since his arrest on the false charge of stealing horses. He had the sympathies of many who had regarded him with indifference before. They began to observe that he had always been honest, that he was industrious, that he was good natured. Even when suffering persecution, he never since uttered a word of complaint against his persecutors, but when he spoke of the matter at all mentioned them kindly, or got off a joke at the expense of someone. Holly had heard it said from more than one, that Tom Bowers would make a much better representative than they had at that time in the legislature. Some of this talk was earnest, but as yet Tom Bowers treated it as a joke.

One night as Holly lay on his bed, striving to drive the image of Bettie Nixon from his mind, he was startled by hearing the tramp of horses. Having so frequently been aroused by Jones' herd he naturally supposed that it was them come again to make an inspection of the fences, to see if there was any possibility of making a breach in them next year. Holly started to his feet, and drawing the diminutive curtain aside, looked out into the night. The moon was shining and the scene brilliantly lighted up. To his surprise he saw a party of men on horseback. Every horse had a rider, and every rider was armed as if he was out on some warlike expedition. Such a midnight scene in time of peace was enough to excite the curiosity of any one. Holly was careful not to awaken any of the members of the family, but slipped from the room, crept into a passage and from thence into a sort of a shed room or summer kitchen where he stopped to listen. He was now only a few paces from the road, and as the men rode by could overhear any remark that they might make. To his utter surprise he discovered that they all wore masks made of black and white cloth on their faces.

Who they were he could only surmise from their forms, and their dress. Many of the horses he recognized. He saw the favorite riding horse of Mr. Nixon and his son, Joe. There were the horses of Pack Hubbard and his father as well as the horses of Mr. Jones,

and others, each having a masked rider on their backs.

"What in the world can it mean?" Holly asked himself. "Is it possible that all our best neighbors have left their beds on this cold night to go out masquerading over the country?" Then the thought occurred to him that it might be possibly a gang of robbers after another batch of horses. But this opinion was quickly changed by hearing the voice of Pack say:

"Here's whar old Tom Bowers lives. D'y'e recon if he knowed what we're up to he wouldn't try to hinder us?"

"No. I tell you Pack, that Bowers haint got no love fur that old witch, nor does he know anything about the strange feller that comes there."

"Wall, Holly can't say as much" said Pack, expressing a strong feeling of dislike for the young farmer.

"I don't know about Holly. 'Don't he know more n he'll tell. Haint father and I tried to pump him about thet stranger and he won't give us a single word o' it."

"It don't make no difference, no how," said Joe Nixon. "We'll soon have that stranger in our hands, and then if he don't give it all to us he can swing. If he ain't a horse thief, he's something else that's worse."

Holly gave a violent start and clasped his hand to his head. He understood the cause of this great martial array. This band of mounted horsemen were a mob going to Mother Hodge's to arrest and perhaps hang the stranger. His heart for a moment stood still. In his imagination he saw the old gray head and streaming eyes, as the mother knelt and begged the blood thirsty mob to spare her son. That old woman who had been so kind to him, who had saved the life of his own mother, and had so often encouraged him. Could he endure this night to lay peacefully in bed and know that she was the fury of a mob? Perchance they would even drag her from her home and she suffer indignities and cruelty, and might be put to death. There is no knowing what ends the fury of man may descend to when a mob is fully roused.

Holly dressed hurriedly. He had no definitely formed plan save that he had determined at the risk of his own life to follow the mob, and if there was any possible chance to render any aid to his benefactress he would do so. He used the utmost caution not to arouse any of his relatives, and slipped from the house into the yard so noiselessly that his mother, who was a light sleeper, was not awakened. The moon was still shining, but he noticed that the sky was becoming slightly overcast with clouds, the feathery edges of which were beginning to dim the lustre of luna's fair face. Back in the northwest there was a heavier bank of them, and the wind was cold and raw enough for him to expect a snow before many hours had passed. Holly did not wait long to reflect on the probabilities of the weather. He knew a near way across the woods to the cabin on Big Creek. By taking this footpath he would be enabled to reach the cabin several minutes ahead of the mob, and might be in time to warn the stranger to flee for his life. He pulled on his cap as he emerged from the house and set off through the woods on a run.

The night winds sighed through the tall tree tops, and rustled the dead leaves at his feet. Many of them which had clung tenaciously to their parent stems, up to this moment, were loosened and fell to join the innumerable dead that strewed the ground at the feet of the hurrying boy.

Young Bowers was not inclined to be in the least superstitious, and yet as he heard the winds sighing through the trees, and the moon became so shrouded that it gave scarce light enough for him to see his way, he felt a sort of

curious awe-inspired feeling take possession of him. He realized that this night might become the witness of one of the foulest murders that had ever been recorded in the annals of crime. Men some times become mad, and when they organize into a mob, what are they but a band of outlaws? Holly was trembling like a leaf, and yet, although he realized that he might be endangering himself, he was determined and ran on as rapidly as he could. He had not traversed half the way, when he felt a thin feathery flake of snow upon his cheek. It was only one flake, and in itself insignificant, but others were falling, and ere he had reached the house the ground was enshrouded with a white sheet of snow.

The moon was now completely hidden, and it was quite dark. Holly listened but could hear nothing of the mob.

"Thank Heaven, I am in time," he exclaimed. Hurrying to the door of the little cabin he rapped. There came no answer from within and he began to hope that the occupants were gone. At this moment he heard the sound of the mob approaching. They were only a few hundred yards down the creek, under the bank where they had halted to arrange their plans. They had come to realize their undertaking might in itself be dangerous, and they wished to accomplish their purpose with as little blood shed as possible. Holly could hear an occasional snort from one of the horses, or the stamp of a hoof in the snow and by bending his ear close to the ground made out a faint, indistinct hum of voices.

"There's no time to wait," said the youth. "If they are here they must go or in five minutes they will be shot."

Again he rapped louder, and more excitedly than before. Now he hears a noise within. At the same time he hears a noise without. The latter is the noise of men creeping forward from tree to tree with guns in their hands like a line of skirmishers going into battle. Some of these men had served in the war and had grown accustomed to bloodshed. Holly felt his blood run cold. In a low but excited voice he calls:

"Aunt Hetibel, aunt Hetibel, open the door quick!"

"Who's there," he heard a strange voice from within ask. At the same moment there comes a click, as if some kind of a weapon being put in readiness for firing. The voice was not the woman's and might not the stranger detain him until it was too late.

"Open the door," he whispered. "Open quick, before it is too late. They are coming to kill you."

Then he heard from within a half smothered scream, and knew that the old woman was roused from her bed. A moment later and he heard her say in a whisper:

"Quick, for heaven sake open, and the voice of Mrs. Hodge said: Come in, come in."

Holly darted into the house and the door was closed. Within all was plutonian darkness. Some one scratched a match to make a light, but he immediately blew it out before it had had time to flare up.

"That won't do," Holly whispered. They can see through the windows, and cracks, and will riddle the house with bullets."

"Who is it? What is it?" asked Mrs. Hodge.

"A mob."

"A mob, what do they want?" "They are coming to kill or capture that man," Holly answered, pointing to where he had seen the dark form of the tall stranger faintly outlined by the momentary glow of a match.

There was a moment of death like silence, during which they heard the sound of footsteps from without coming slowly toward the house.

"They are coming," said Holly.

Then I will let them know that I am not to be dragged out and hung like a dog," said the tall

young stranger, and Holly again heard the click of a pistol.

"No, no, Albert; don't, don't!" cried the woman, seizing his arm and clinging to it.

"Would you see me hung like a dog?" he asked. "Hang when you know I am innocent?"

"They do not, can not know you," said the woman, still clinging frantically to his arm.

"Yes, but an arrest, being detained but for a day, a single hour would be fatal, I am innocent, mother; you know that I am innocent, yet if I should fall into the hands of these half-savage men my life would not be worth a straw."

Holly was astonished. Never before in his life had he heard this strange man address this woman as mother. Though he had known that there was a very close tie of relationship between them, he had not known that they were mother and son. The sounds without grew more alarming. Men could be heard giving orders as if they were directing others and a great commotion was without.

Holly tried to pierce the gloom without with his eyes but could not. He saw what he thought to be a great body of men moving forward in the whirling snow as if to surround the house. It was too late to fly, and to him there seemed no other chance than to surrender. He discovered by what he could hear and see of that moving mass of men that they had been greatly reinforced.

Mrs. Hodge and her son were in one corner of the room holding a consultation. The consultation was hurried and soon over. Holly was still trying to pierce the gloom, and make out the number of men surrounding the house, when he felt himself touched on the arm.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"Do you know those men?" asked the stranger in a whisper.

"Some of them I do."

"They are your neighbors?"

"Yes."

"And friends?"

"Some of the men are my best friends."

"Well, Holly, you have been very kind to us, but I can not ask you to stay here and risk your life with me."

"What are you going to resist?"

"Most assuredly I am. They are not officers of the law and come here to take me without any authority or process of law. I will die before I will be taken. A week later I should make no resistance, but now it is death. There is no need, however, of your risking your life here. Open the door and go out to your friends, and tell them I will not surrender. Tell them that I will die where I am."

"But your mother?"

"We will die together."

For a moment horror seemed to freeze the blood in the veins of the youth. He could hear the line of the attacking force surrounding the house, and began to reason that he might be construed to be one of these people he had come to save. To open the door would be to invite a volley of rifle and pistol shots, or perhaps an arrest as an accomplice. But the moment for action had come; the attacking force could be heard at the door.

TO BE CONTINUED.
Scenes in Central America.
MALICALAN, GUATEMALA
February 6th, 1889,
FOR THE GRAPHIC.

Since our last we have travelled over the great central cordilleras between the two oceans and we are now in the low, hot, coast country along the Pacific sea-shore. In four days the change has been from a land of frost to a torrid clime where summer is perpetual and all plant life is ever green. The annual flower of home that is killed by the first frost, even while its terminal buds are blooming, here becomes a perennial flower and often forms a tree. The mustard seed may become a tree as well as the cotton-plant, the

castor-bean, the holly-hock and many others, all of which are seen here much larger than the average peach tree at home. Coffee picking is now the chief employment of all and ripe red berries and white bloom are seen on the same tree. The orange, cocon-nut, pine apple, plantain, bread fruit, custard fruit, mango, aligator pear and pomelo are all ripe and in abundance. All green vegetables including string beans, green corn, onions and lettuce were on the table to-day for dinner, besides black berries are in the market. There is perhaps no country in the New World so blessed with every clime and product as Central America. At present the plateau country and its people are passing through a very mild winter where frost is oftentimes, while on the summit of some of the extinct volcanoes the climate is very cold and ice and snow are not unusual. From these elevations to the sea shore during the past week we passed through every climate and season that we find at home, and all the products we saw between Upper Canada and the Isthmus country, we have seen during the past ten days. The climate in any given locality remains the same during the year and by a regular exchange of products the upland people enjoy all the products of the torrid zone while living in a temperate climate. There in the low hot coast country the people may have apples, peaches, potatoes and other products at all seasons from the plateau country. In reality there is but little difference in the temperature except Central America has six months rain and six months of drouth, hence in every part, some form of irrigation is needed during half the year, while during the other half all the roads, fields, and public grounds must have a system of drainage to save land, and prevent floods.

In one day during the past week we saw fields of corn that had been gathered in December and other fields that were yet in roasting-ear, and some wheat harvest was not yet finished only an hour's travel down the mountain. Thus one traveling in this country can hardly tell what a day may bring forth. In the cities we find much modern culture, while in the coast country most of the natives use only a narrow girdle, hat and sandals, while in a few Indian huts along the way we saw many who were entirely destitute of any kind of clothing. They were more like so many wild hairless apes than human beings. The children were far up among the wild fruit trees and out on the limbs much the same as the great sarakunates (monkeys) we have seen on the coasts. They too would run from us as did the latter and the fruit of the palm, banana, orange and pine apple were the chief food of each. As we near the towns the women are nude only from the waist up but the men are seen in all places with only a small front cloth which hangs from a belt in place of a girdle. This is also used by the women of the interior along the border of Honduras. This was the garb of a recent guide who decended the coast range with us. When we hired him he had pants but on leaving the town or Indian village all but his girdle or front cloth was laid aside and thus with about one hundred pounds of baggage strapped on his naked back he made better time than a pack mule could have done. And so in all our lonely ramblings one of these hardy creatures constitutes all the company we have save our faithful horses and side arms.

Has all gone well? perhaps your readers might ask. So far as our faithful guide, yes; but since our last we have been visited by thieves again and our cash account suffered loss, but after three days, hard travel we reclaimed all in the Indian village of Totoni-capan where the chief of police redeigned us good service after which we continued our way wiser and no worse off. One rarely needs side arms when he has them, but will likely need them when he is without them. Yet withal, this is a fine country and all foreigners receive every assistance that the government and its officials can well give, hence when we leave for North America it will be with only the best wishes for the land and new found friends we leave behind.

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